

HOME CIRCLE.

A CUP OF TEA.

[Suggested by a picture by Mr. Perugini, in Harper's Weekly, February 20th, 1875.]
Below they sit, in the banquet hall,
A while, my heart, they have banished thee,
Into crystal goblets rich and tall,
The cellars' choicest treasures fall:
Thou heart and me
Must sit alone and sip our tea.

But I know of one, whose eyes of blue,
Deeper by far than the sounding sea,
(If I heard them aright, and his eyes spoke true),
Would give it all to be with you:
Dear heart and me
Sipping alone a cup of tea.

That is his voice, I know its tone,
And that is the song he taught to thee,
How rich is his tremulous baritone!
Dear heart, answer it with thy own.
Tell him that we
Are sipping alone a cup of tea.

Be still, my heart, we must not chide,
Ere long he will come to you and me.
The maid hath spoken—the door springs wide—
He clasps her trembling to his side.
But, alas for thee,
Thou heart was't upset with a cup of tea.

CHATTANOOGA, Feb. 13, '75.

GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.
So take the fond heart,
From its home by the hearth,
It will sing of the loved ones
To the end of the earth.

Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went,
Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day;
But since his horn-tipped bow, but seldom bent,
Now at the noonday naught had happened to slay.
Within a vale he called his hounds away,
Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice cling
About the cliffs, and through the beech trees ring.

[Morrison—"Atlanta's Race,"]
"So long he rode his draw anigh
A mill upon the river's brink,
That seemed a goodly place to him,
For 'twas the only smooth mill-head
There hung the apples growing red,
And many an ancient apple tree
Within the orchard could be seen.
While the smooth mill-wheels, white
And black,
Shook to the great wheel's measure clink
And grumble of the gear within;
While 'er the roof that dulleth din
The doves sat crooning half the day,
And round the half-cut stack of hay
The sparrows flattered twittering."

[Morrison—"The Man Born to be King,"]
"From place to place Love followed her
That day,
And ever farther to his eyes she grew,
So at last, when from her bow she flew,
And underneath his feet moonlit sea
Went shepherding his waves disorderly,
He swore that, of all gods and men, no one
Should hold her in his arms but he alone."
[Morrison—"The Story of Cupid and Psyche,"]

A MEMORABLE RIDE.

BY A FARMER'S WIFE.

"Hadin' you better leave the door unfastened, Eliza?" said my husband, as I turned the key in the door, and dropped it in my pocket.
"I don't know," I said doubtfully; then after a moment's hesitation, "no, I think it had better be fastened. The children might get out and run down to the gate at the foot of the meadow, and it is not a step from there to the creek, you know."

He made no reply, but stooped down and looked at some part of the harness with a slightly perplexed air.

"What is the matter now?" I said, with some asperity.
The truth is, my husband belonged to that numerous class of individuals, whose motto is, never to do to-day what they can put off until to-morrow, while I, on the contrary, was prompt and decided. With me, to will and to do were synonymous, and I had little mercy for such a faulting.

"I fancy this little piece of twine will carry us through this time, but I will certainly mend it to-morrow," he replied, as I climbed into the old-fashioned phaeton.
The harness being adjusted to his satisfaction, if not to mine, he seated himself beside me, and nodding a last good-bye to the little faces pressed against the window-pane, we drove off.

Our cottage was situated in the little valley lying to the southwest of what was at that time the village of Lanox, Canada. A hill of considerable height stood between us and the village; on one side a verdure crowned, gently rising slope, on the other a more abrupt descent with a rather circuitous road winding past little cottages and farmhouses of more or less pretension.

Our present errand was to the shop, to which we carried our produce as it accumulated from time to time, and received in exchange groceries, clothes, etc. Our load consisted in part of a basket of eggs; consequently we were obliged to drive rather more slowly than usual.

I left, as I had often done before, the younger children in the care of Grace, who, though but eight years of age, was never more pleased than when entrusted with some similar duty or responsibility. I charged her not to take the baby from the cradle, but to rock him gently to sleep if he awakened, or if he would not sleep to amuse him with his playthings until our return.

It was a lovely day in the latter part of September—copious showers of rain had alternated with midsummer suns, and the freshness of the verdure was undimmed. It was scarcely yet time for the "sere and yellow leaf," though the maples had begun their contrast with the living green of the other forest trees. The birds sang cheerily as they fluttered to and fro in the hedges, and numerous ground squirrels skinned along the fence-rails and dropped and disappeared mysteriously.

Old Whitey ambled along in his usual untimorous fashion, and we soon reached our destination. I had a number of articles to purchase and examine, as well as the merits of a new churn to discuss and

just as we had settled all to our satisfaction, a neighbor whom we had not seen for some time came in, which detained us longer, so that when we turned our horse's head homeward, I saw with some surprise, as well as a slight feeling of alarm, that the sun had already set, and the soft gray twilight was stealing up the valley.

Our load was a heavy one, my husband having purchased several agricultural implements of no great weight individually, but collectively making no small weight for one horse, so that, though we were necessarily anxious to get home, we were obliged to drive moderately, particularly as the road was not only hilly, but rough.

Chatting upon the various little items of gossip which we had heard, we drove on until we had nearly reached the top of the hill, when, turning to make some remark to my husband, I saw a change come over his face, which struck me with a sudden terror. He was pale as a corpse.

"Look!" he said in a voice hoarse with emotion, pointing in the direction of our home.
My heart gave a sudden bound, then fell like a lump of lead in my bosom. A cloud of thick, dense smoke distinctly defined against the clear sky beyond, rose above the tre-tops. I tried to speak, but could not utter a word.

At last I said, studying my voice, "I think it must be the Morrison's. Isn't it to the left of our house?"
"No," he said quickly, as he seized the whip and urged old Whitey to his utmost speed. "Don't you remember that when we are at the top of the hill the smoke from our chimney rises just over the centre of that little group of cedars?"

At last I did remember, and as he spoke we reached the summit and saw enough to change our fears to certainty. Neither spoke, but each turned and looked at the other with quivering lips and dilating eyes.
"My heavens! and I have looked them in!"

I was fairly beside myself with terror. I felt as if I must leap from the vehicle and fly to their rescue. Old Whitey seemed to understand that life or death depended on his efforts, and he exerted himself nobly.

On we flew, down the hill, dashed through the little story brook that crossed the road over the tumbled-down bridge, whose cotton boards rattled and started up from their places, past the hedges, that looked like one continuous mass of flying green; past little cottages with the children staring from the doors; thinking of nothing, caring for nothing but to rescue our darlings. I buried my face in my hands, and rocked to and fro in my seat, almost bereft of reason, as I thought of the scene that might be awaiting us. Imagination conjured up all the dreadful tales I had heard or read to add to my horror. Once only I raised my head, and saw, or fancied I saw, slender tongues of fire cleaving the mass of smoke, which had by this time increased fearfully in volume and density.

At last, after what seemed an age, but was in reality only a few minutes, we reached the bottom of the lane which led to our cottage. The angle was a sharp one, and we turned with such a speed as to send the hind wheel of the old phaeton high in the air.
How I got out I never knew. I am sure I did not wait for the horse to be stopped. Rushing to the door, I threw myself against it with such a force as to break it in. The room was full of smoke, but as the opened door dissipated it a little, I saw that it was empty! Then suffocated by the smoke and overpowered by excitement, I fell fainting to the floor.

When consciousness returned, I found myself in the house of a neighbor, with the children all about me, pretty well frightened, of course, but entirely unhurt.

How the fire originated was a mystery which we could never unravel. Grace, sitting with her back to the stove, and with her attention entirely absorbed by the pictures in the family Bible, did not see it until Rover, the Newfoundland dog, who had been quietly dozing by her side, attracted her notice by his evident uneasiness; after which he sprang through the window, fortunately taking the whole sack bodily with him, and running at full speed to the nearest house, soon returned with some of its inmates.

Grace, in the meantime, bravely letting down the two older children through the window, which was only about four feet from the ground, took the baby from the cradle and was about to follow, when the neighbor arrived. The house being old, and built as such houses usually are, of the most combustible materials, notwithstanding all efforts, soon became a blackened smoking ruin.

Rover and old Whitey lived to a good old age, and were ever afterward held in affectionate remembrance for their services on that occasion.
One evening, about a year afterward, as we sat in our new house, built on the site of the old one, but more commodious and comfortable in every respect, I remarked, "that the fire had benefited us in at least one way, for unless the old house had been actually consumed, we should never have had the new one."

"I have felt the benefit of it in another way," said my husband, gravely; "it has taught me never to put off doing anything which should be done at once until a convenient season. If the harness had given way on that day, when I mended it so slightly before we started, although it would not have interfered with the safety of the children, it would have added ten fold to our anxiety, because it would have delayed our reaching home. I made a vow then that if we were permitted to reach home without accident, I would use my utmost endeavors to overcome the habit of procrastination; and I think you will allow that I have been pretty success-ful, so that, in more than one respect, we have reason to regard that as a memorable ride."

In 1851 Andrew Johnson was hung in effigy in front of an engine house in Memphis, Tenn., and it was one of the most popular mock hangings that ever occurred, and the occasion was greeted by the presence of the city authorities and leading citizens. Now the entire city turns out to welcome him, and he is to be officially received amid the wild plaudits and hurrahs of these same men, while the city band plays "O Lo the Conquering Hero Comes." What changes time makes in men and communities!—Wash. Chronicle.

Chattanooga Commercial: There were very light receipts yesterday. Corn was dull at day before yesterday's prices, 84 cents on the wharf.—Capt. J. S. A. Atlanta thorough-bred Durham bull, which weighed 2,400 pounds. Good butcher's cattle are selling at 34 cents per pound gross.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

From Our Exchanges.

Bristol News: Our colored Baptist friends immersed three candidates last Sunday. One of the number was a Methodist minister, which was pleasing to Bro. Parks, that, as the preacher arose from his aqueous grave, he shouted "Bless God we've captured one of the generals; we will get the soldiers next!" An immense assemblage witnessed the ceremony.

Chattanooga Commercial: The protracted meeting at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in this city which is being conducted by the pastor, Dr. Chadwick, assisted by Dr. Baird, of the First Cumberland Church, Nashville, will continue during the present week at least. The services last night were of the most interesting character, several persons having presented themselves for the prayers of the congregation.

Bristol Courier: The committee appointed by a portion of the Synod of Nashville, at the session of the same in this place last October, has agreed to take the bid on the Rogersville Female Institute building, and to establish a first-class High School for young ladies, to open on the first of September next.

Greenville Intelligencer: The Godfrey House property has been conveyed to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The old hotel, we are informed will be removed next May and a handsome church built in its stead.

The Greenville National Union says: Jas. Bean was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary. We doubt the justice of the punishment; but would advise no further proceedings by the defendant; unless it be to proceed to Nashville.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

THE GOOD TEMPLAR'S WORK.

Thorough Organization of the Forces in East Tennessee.

East Tennessee is to be thoroughly canvassed and organized in the interest of the Independent Order of Good Templars under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of the State. This Order is a temperance organization, doing a great and good work in raising fallen humanity, and educating the youth of the country and the masses generally, in habits of sobriety, morality and Christianity. It is the largest temperance organization in the world, located in nearly every land and clime, and embraces a membership of nearly one million members of both sexes. There is about four hundred Lodges in full operation, now in our State, with a membership of fifteen thousand; this number we hope to double by the next session of the Grand Lodge in October.

Bro. J. F. Goldman, the newly-appointed Lecturer for East Tennessee, is a well-qualified for the work he has undertaken, being an orator of fine ability, and a temperance worker from principle. He will visit the several counties in the Eastern division, lecture and organize Lodges at all eligible points during the coming spring and summer.

Dr. J. H. Morgan, of Knoxville, has been commissioned as Deputy Grand Chief Templar for East Tennessee, to whom all communications in reference to the organization of Lodges in his jurisdiction should be sent, and who will give all necessary information relative to the work, etc.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

What its Friends are Doing—Some Facts and Figures.

The friends of temperance legislation will be pleased to hear that earnest endeavors are being made to influence the Legislature to pass some law whereby the evil of intemperance may be mitigated. Memorials are daily being received at Nashville from various parts of the State, from temperance organizations, from ladies and from the Patrons of Husbandry and from the citizens generally, praying legislation to this good—but we fear through this means—impossible end. A local option law seem to meet with most favor generally.

At a late temperance meeting in Nashville Judge Gardener, one of the most prominent members of the General Assembly and a lawyer of thirty-five years practice, said that he could see nothing unconstitutional in such a law, as it was nothing more than a police regulation. Four-fifths of the crimes committed in the State of the use of intoxicating liquors. He said that he had seen a bottle of his time and whisky was at the bottom of the crime of every one of these. He further said that out of \$400,000 paid by the State for criminal prosecutions \$400,000 was the result of the use of strong drink, and that only \$50,000 was collected annually from the tax on whisky, which was an offset to the liquor men's price that the Treasury could not spare the whisky revenue.

Senator Hodges of Hamblen favored a local option law, saying that he did not support the people here or elsewhere hoped by temperance legislation to reform the man, who was so far gone that he had ruined him in the sale, but that they might as regulate the sale and use of intoxicating beverages as to remove the temptation from the pathway of those growing up into manhood.—Greenville American.

How Barrenness Liquors are Made.

There may be seen daily, on Chestnut street, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, a man dressed in facilities apparel, with a great diamond upon his breast, vainly endeavoring to outglitter the magnificent solitaire on the finger of a German woman, who, having chemistry, and not even Liddy knows it better. His occupation is the mixing and the adulteration of liquors. Give him a dozen cases of deodorized alcohol, and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or a popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug store, bearing a large basket upon his arm. Five pounds of feebled roses are first weighed out to him. To raw liquors this imparts a degree of smoothness and elegance which gives to imitation brandy the glossiness of that which is most matured. An astringent called catechu, that would almost close the mouth of a glass of brandy, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to the next pocket, and a pound of white sugar is then placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to the liquid, poison are given kept in store. The mixer buys these things in various quarters. They are staples of the art.

Is Prohibition a Failure?

Vineyard, New Jersey, is one of the best illustrations, upon a moderate scale, of the practical workings of prohibition. In his last annual report the constable and overseer of the poor of Vineyard, Mr. J. J. Curtis (the two offices filled by one person), gives testimony, the significance of which is obvious in its bearing against the liquor traffic. Mr. Curtis says:

"Though we have a population of 10,000 people, for the period of six months no settler or citizen of Vineyard has received relief from his pauper as overseer of the poor. Within seventy days, there has been only one case, among what we call the floating population, at the expense of \$4.

"During the entire year there has only been one indictment, and that a trifling case of battery among our colored population.

"So few are the fires in Vineyard that we have no need of a fire department. There has only been one house burned in a year, and two slight fires which were soon put out.

"We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one per cent. on the valuation.

"The police expenses of Vineyard amount to \$75 a year, the sum paid to me, and our poor expenses a mere trifle.

I ascribe this remarkable state of things, so nearly approaching the Golden Age, to the industry of our people and the absence of King Alcohol.

"Let me give you in contrast to this the state of things in the town from which I come in New England. The population of the town was 9,500, a little less than Vineyard. It maintained forty liquor shops. These kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night-watchmen, and six police men. Fines were almost continual. That small place maintained a paid fire department of four companies, of forty men each, at an expense of \$3,000 per annum. I belonged to this department for six years, and the fires averaged about one every two weeks, and mostly incendiary. The support of the poor cost \$2,500 per annum. The debt of the township was \$120,000. The condition of things in this New England town is as favorable in that country as many other places where liquor is sold."—National Temperance Advocate.

In the Senate yesterday morning Dr. Perkins presented to Senators from 23 counties petitions signed by upwards of 7,000 citizens; also a memorial from a late mass meeting in Nashville, asking for a law to relieve the evils of intemperance. The petitions were referred to the Committee on Tippling-houses.—Nashville Banner, 19th.

COMMERCIAL.

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

CHATTANOOGA OFFICE.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Feb. 22, 1875.

Wheat remains inactive and but few dealers are offering to buy at any price. Strictly prime white in car load lots will bring from 90 cents to \$1.00. We quote small lots from 85 cents to 90. Red is very dull and low. But little corn changed hands during the past week, but what was offered was readily taken at our quotations. Oats are dull, and as the most of the Southern orders for seed have been filled, we look for a decline during the present week. Clover seed has made another slight advance and we now quote it from \$8.00 to 8.50 per bushel. Owing to the late cold snap, the Egg market has been very active, and shippers paid as high as 23 cents per dozen, but the market has already greatly declined, and should the present fair weather continue, still greater declines may be looked for.

Many other articles have changed somewhat as will be seen from quotations given below:

WHEAT—New prime white nominal, 90c; \$1.00.
CORN—New buying loose, 70c; sacked in depot, 75c; selling free on board at 80c.
LARD—Scarc, 14c; 15c.
OATS—New, 60c; 65c, loose.
RICE—Potatoes, 60c; 65c.
SWEET POTATOES—60c; 65c.
LARD—Fair demand, 14c; 15c, boxed.
LOOSE from wagons, 90c per 100 lbs.
DRIED FRUIT—Apples, 65c; Peaches, 70c; 75c; Raisins, 60c; 65c.
BACON—Rather dull; country family buying, 22c; selling, 23c; extra, buying, 22c; 23c; selling, 24c; 25c. Knoxville City Mills, "our standard family," \$2.25; Pearl Mills family, \$3.00; City Mills family, \$2.85; Pearl Mills extra, \$2.90.
BACON—Firm and scarce; clear sides, 12c; shoulders, 9c.
FEATHERS—Buying, prime, 40c; mixed, 25c.
BUTTER—In demand at 15c; 20c, for fresh.
EGGS—In demand, at 18c; 20c.
RICE—Cotton, 25c; 26c.
BROWN—27c; 28c per pound.
TOMATOES—Tennessee leaf, 5c; 6c.
GRASS—4c; 5c; 6c; 7c; 8c; 9c; 10c; 11c; 12c; 13c; 14c; 15c; 16c; 17c; 18c; 19c; 20c; 21c; 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

GRAIN—Sked—Clover, \$8.00; 8.50 per bushel; extra grass, \$1.50; 2.00; 2.50; 3.00; 3.50; 4.00; 4.50; 5.00; 5.50; 6.00; 6.50; 7.00; 7.50; 8.00; 8.50; 9.00; 9.50; 10.00; 10.50; 11.00; 11.50; 12.00; 12.50; 13.00; 13.50; 14.00; 14.50; 15.00; 15.50; 16.00; 16.50; 17.00; 17.50; 18.00; 18.50; 19.00; 19.50; 20.00; 20.50; 21.00; 21.50; 22.00; 22.50; 23.00; 23.50; 24.00; 24.50; 25.00; 25.50; 26.00; 26.50; 27.00; 27.50; 28.00; 28.50; 29.00; 29.50; 30.00; 30.50; 31.00; 31.50; 32.00; 32.50; 33.00; 33.50; 34.00; 34.50; 35.00; 35.50; 36.00; 36.50; 37.00; 37.50; 38.00; 38.50; 39.00; 39.50; 40.00; 40.50; 41.00; 41.50; 42.00; 42.50; 43.00; 43.50; 44.00; 44.50; 45.00; 45.50; 46.00; 46.50; 47.00; 47.50; 48.00; 48.50; 49.00; 49.50; 50.00; 50.50; 51.00; 51.50; 52.00; 52.50; 53.00; 53.50; 54.00; 54.50; 55.00; 55.50; 56.00; 56.50; 57.00; 57.50; 58.00; 58.50; 59.00; 59.50; 60.00; 60.50; 61.00; 61.50; 62.00; 62.50; 63.00; 63.50; 64.00; 64.50; 65.00; 65.50; 66.00; 66.50; 67.00; 67.50; 68.00; 68.50; 69.00; 69.50; 70.00; 70.50; 71.00; 71.50; 72.00; 72.50; 73.00; 73.50; 74.00; 74.50; 75.00; 75.50; 76.00; 76.50; 77.00; 77.50; 78.00; 78.50; 79.00; 79.50; 80.00; 80.50; 81.00; 81.50; 82.00; 82.50; 83.00; 83.50; 84.00; 84.50; 85.00; 85.50; 86.00; 86.50; 87.00; 87.50; 88.00; 88.50; 89.00; 89.50; 90.00; 90.50; 91.00; 91.50; 92.00; 92.50; 93.00; 93.50; 94.00; 94.50; 95.00; 95.50; 96.00; 96.50; 97.00; 97.50; 98.00; 98.50; 99.00; 99.50; 100.00.

Wholesale Grocery Market.

Coffee.

Prime to choice 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

Sugar.

Hard sugar 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

Butter.

Hard butter 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

Beans.

Hard beans 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

Peas.

Hard peas 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

Apples.

Hard apples 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c;